

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other disease put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cures manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

## THE COLD DINNER

(By Rev. Charles T. White, in the "C. F. World.")

"I wish you'd cut just a little mite o' wood, John, fore you go out to the field," said Mrs. Hadaway, as her husband pushed his chair back from the dinner-table with the air of a busy farmer who allows himself scant nooning. "I used up every stick getting the potatoes boiled, and had to put on this cold meat 'stead o' frying ham and eggs as I'd counted on."

John Hadaway made no answer to this request. It would be charitable to suppose that he did not hear it or that his mind being occupied with other matter, the words fell upon his tympanum like the meaningless patter of raindrops upon shingled roof. He put on his hat and went out, his wife's eyes following him curiously until his brown checkered coat disappeared around the corner of the porch. As the huge pile of 'uncut limb wood' which furnished the supply of fuel during the summer months was on the other side of the house, Mrs. Hadaway drew her own conclusions.

"He's going off again just as he always does," she mused, speaking her thoughts in a monotonous undertone, a habit which she had fallen into by being much alone. "I won't ask again, if he never gets it. He can go without his tea for supper; that's all."

Mrs. Hadaway's twenty years of married life had in the main been as satisfactory as such years commonly are. John was a kind-hearted, hard-working man, not demonstrative in the matter of affection—not in any matter, indeed—tolerably free

### HYMOEI

#### The Breatheable Remedy for atarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hymoei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an anti-septic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hymoei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hymoei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hymoei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hymoei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

from the vice of fault-finding, and as liberal a provider in most things as a woman could wish.

The question of fuel, however, was a long-standing grievance. 'Cut a stick and burn a stick' was a policy from which John Hadaway had never deviated, except that of late the "cut-a-stick" clause was more honored in the breach than in the observance. Mary Hadaway's requests for "a few sticks of wood" extended back to the palmy days of the honeymoon. She remembered with a pang how he would spring up then at the first word and dash away at the wood-pile; but the years had wrought changes here as well as in Mary Hadaway's sunny, golden hair and pretty, winsome face.

She went outside the door now, and picked up the heavy axe reluctantly. Her husband's receding figure topped the high knoll behind the barn, along which wound a well-trodden foot-path to the corn-field and pastures beyond. She put one of the smaller sticks cross wise of the nickory chopping block, and began cutting off short lengths with awkward two-handed blows of the axe.

"Why, Mary Ann Folsom!"

Mrs. Hadaway sprang up from her stooping posture, dropping the axe at her feet. Folsom was her maiden name, and she was as much startled as if a ghost had uttered it at her elbow. The handsome stylishly attired lady advancing in her direction was not at all ghostlike in appearance, however, and Mary Hadaway's surprise reddened into embarrassment in her spare face as she recognized her visitor.

"Why—Julia—Martin!" she turned her back to the tell-tale chopping-block as if her slight figure might hid it. 'Mirandy Miller said you was in town but I wasn't counting on seeing you this afternoon. Come right in. John's off to the fields, and I was splitting up some kindlings.'

The single glance which Mrs. Martin's sharp eyes bestowed upon the half-dozen sticks of green beech spoiled the call for Mary Hadaway. She kept up her side of the reminiscent conversation—these two had been schoolgirls together in their young days—but the iron had entered into her soul. Mrs. Martin was richly dressed, and with a proper regard to fashionable requirements she spoke rather complacently of her husband's thriving business and easy circumstances. This only intensified Mary Hadaway's humiliation as she thought of where those shrewd grey eyes had found her, and how glibly that well-modulated voice would tell the story of her menial task at the next calling place.

'Charles never lets me do the least thing about the house,' was one of Mrs. Martin's remarks, which rankled sorest in Mary Hadaway's breast after the visitor had gone. She felt it was intended as a home thrust at herself, and she cherished bitter resentment, which, by degrees, transferred itself from Mrs. Martin to her husband. He was the one really to blame she reasoned. It was his neglect which had subjected her to this humiliation.

He should go without his warm tea that very night to pay for it. He should have nothing cooked until such time as he condescended to cut wood for the cooking of it. He'd miss his tea. He always doted on it when he was hard at work in the field. He'd wonder she hadn't made it; and then perhaps, he'd remember and give better heed next time to what she said.

Mrs. Hadaway smiled at the anticipated discomfiture and reformation. A woman couldn't bear everything. There was one woman that wouldn't anyway. That momentary glance of Julia Martin's ideal home life had quickened her latent sense of independence to a remarkable degree. Wouldn't let her do the least thing about the house. Her breath came with a hord, defiant gasp as she drew the unworried comparison.

John Hadaway drank his cold water without protest, and hurried away to the milking. On the threshold he turned back a little shamefacedly to say, "I let that wood clean slip my mind this now, Mary," but Mary made no answer, smiling complacently to herself behind the shelter of the pantry door.

When Mrs. Hadaway heard the strokes of the axe outside her window next morning before she was up, and found wood enough for breakfast in the box behind the kitchen stove, she congratulated herself on her astuteness. It dampened her hopes somewhat when the frying of the buckwheat cakes exhausted the scanty supply, and her husband tramped away after breakfast without replenishing it. A complete cure would require time, she reasoned, and she repeated the application of the remedy. She was very resolute now, and determined to push the proceedings to her ic extremes if the case demanded it.

For the first time in twenty years the dinner horn sounded its welcome note from the corner of the wagonshed without being heralded by the rise of smoke from the kitchen chimney. Mary Hadaway started nervously as the discordant note smote on her ear, and she blew the second blast more softly. To her there was something weird and uncanny about that fireless dinner laid out in cold state upon the spotless tablecloth. It reminded her somehow of the dead body of a friend, out of which warmth and life had passed, leaving a chill atmosphere around it. She busied herself with cutting a few extra slices of bread when she heard John's step on the stone walk, and did not look up to note the expression on his face when his eyes fell upon the uncooked meal that awaited him.

The two talked of indifferent topics as they sat down at opposite sides of the little table, but the subject which was uppermost in the minds of both was not once mentioned. If John Hadaway found the cool spring water less palatable than a steaming cup of his favorite cooling oolong if the scant scraps of cold meat were rather dry, and the flaky white bread appealed less persuasively to his appetite than Mary's delicious mashed potatoes, he gave neither word or sigh. He enjoyed it secretly as a huge joke, prepared to join with Mary in the laugh at his own expense when once the ice was broken, while his wife hardened her heart in the conviction that he was stubbornly sulky, rebellious in spirit, and little likely to benefit by her treatment until his stiff neck was—figuratively speaking—bent or broken.

'I guess I shall have to go to town this afternoon,' John Hadaway announced when he had risen from the table and was standing just inside the door, contemplating ruefully the torn crown of his straw hat. "There ain't more'n feed enough for the horses to-morrow morning, and there's some other little things. Jim Beebe's boy's coming over to haul out them posts we cut last week in the woods, and I'll drive Jet to let him have the team.

Anything particular you're wantin' in the house!"

Mary said there was nothing. If she had felt wholly free from constraint, she would have entered a vigorous protest against John's trusting his life and limbs to the antics of Jet, the giddy four-year-old; but it seemed to her at that moment that such a show of concern would compromise her position. John knew Jet's aversion to automobiles and various other things quite as well as she did. John would do exactly as he pleased, anyway. Mary Hadaway used these undeniable facts to make peace with her own silence, but her eyes followed the black colt and the long box waggon until they blended into a single moving speck in the dusty distance.

Later that same afternoon, Mary Hadaway did a strange thing for a woman resolutely committed to a policy of fighting out an issue to the bitter end. She went to the chopping block in the back yard, scanned the long stretch of road in either direction carefully, for chance observers, then seized the axe, and began cutting some of the slender poles into lengths for burning. Her blows were much heavier than they needed to be, and she was panting with exertion when she paused to assure herself that there was enough to cook a tempting supper, but she toiled on breathlessly until the little heap was doubled.

"That'll be enough for breakfast, too," she told herself, gathering up some of the sticks in her apron. "John'll be tired, and being away so'll make him late with the chorus. I'll have a good warm supper ready by the time he gets back."

If preparations may be counted upon to forecast results, that supper was destined to be a culinary masterpiece. From time to time Mary Hadaway's heated face appeared at the kitchen door, her eye searching the gray line of roadway toward Danby. The tea-kettle was singing merrily. The table was spread with a covering of choice linen which a dark closet had long screened from the light of common day, and so much of Grandmother Folsom's precious tea-set as the limited occasion required was set out in orderly array thereon. At the precise moment when a significant black speck appeared at the extreme end of the ashy-gray line the crisply browned toast would be dipped into boiling water, and the eggs be dropped into the busily bubbling basin, and the tiny silver teapot filled—not too full, for John liked his tea to "have a body" as he often said.

It was twenty-years this very afternoon since John had brought her home a bride through the rows of flowered locusts which fronted the old Hadaway homestead. It had come to her suddenly two hours before as her eye rested idly upon the gaudy red figures of the big calendar under the mantle. She wondered wistfully whether John remembered it. They had been married at noon in the little parlor at Hollythorpe parsonage. She wondered—There was a catching of the breath here. Was John thinking of that while he was munching the dry meat and bread uncomplainingly, washing them down with copious draughts of cold water from the spring? What a stupid senseless thing it was to do!

She tried to raise the well-wordsed plea for the defence, but it would not come at her feeble bidding. John was working early and late—she knew that—working beyond his strength. There was a final payment to be made on the place in the spring then they would have a home of their own. How often he had told her that with a glint of pride and satisfaction in his honest blue eyes.

She was at the door again, her keen gaze following the windings of the dusty gray line. The black dot appeared. It grew so rapidly that a great wave of fear swept over her like a chilling dash of sea spray. John never would drive like that. The emptiness of the conjecture mocked her, and she stopped short the chill of fear deepening into a numbing bitterness of cold, which held her motionless until Jet dashed into the yard, the waggon crashing with a sharp splintering of wood against the stout gate-post.

For an instant she looked at the madly struggling horse, noting the wide-eyed terror, the distended nostrils, the patches of white foam upon his glossy breast, without either interest or emotion. Her feet crept forward hesitatingly at first, with a halting, uncertain movement, as she stepped down upon the flagged walk, passing through the gate wide of the broken waggon, her shoes raising little puffs of dust behind them as they shuffled down the road.

Somewhere along that dusty stretch was John. He did not allow herself to enlarge upon the simple fact. She had no power to cry out, to run shouting for help, to vent the dumb misery of her heart in tears or lamentations. All the

strength seemed to have gone out of her. Her tongue stirred heavily behind her dry lips as she crossed the bridge and mounted the gentle slope beyond. 'It—it was—just twenty—years—to-day.'

The present of happy reminiscence, the table spread to await John's coming in the kitchen behind, the cold comfortless dinner with its uncanny suggestions—all these had dropped into a past which seemed to Mary Hadaway's fancy infinitely remote.

The group of men beyond the head of the road, advancing slowly, did not surprise her when her eyes fell upon it. Their hoarse voice reached her ear as she halted a moment, uncertain whether to go forward or turn back. One diminutive figure broke away from the mass, and dashed ahead to meet her.

"Mr. Hadaway's been hurt—thrown out," the boy panted. "They want you to run on and get a bed ready. The doctor, he's coming 'long behind. He struck the rocks on his head and shoulders."

Mary turned without a word, speeding swiftly as if in flight from the pursuing terror at her back. The hot tears come now; but she brushed them aside with a quick, impatient gesture, as she smoothed the snowy sheets and shook up the pillows. She could hear the men's voices through the open door, and stood aside to make way for them, stealing an informing glance at John's bruised, muddy face as they passed, and slipping away for a basin of hot water and a sponge.

"It do beat all w'at a cool head that woman's got," old Abe Crocker observed in a cautious whisper, nodding significantly toward the half-closed door of the bedroom. "Most of 'em flies all to bits when anything happens."

The row of bearded men on the other side of the kitchen nodded assent.

That was hours later. The fussy village doctor had finished his work of stitching and bandaging, and had gone his way, leaving a hopeful forecast behind him. Mary Hadaway sat alone by the bedside a dim light on the bureau opposite bringing out the grotesqueness of the patched face on the pillow, and the pallor of the closed eyelids, showing ghastly and sunken against the puffy cheeks.

The sacred vigil of silent waiting she had refused to share with any of the others, though Euphemia Greer had advised her to "lie down for a spell an' quiet her nerves," and each of the men outside the door had offered to "sit by John" in case he should come to himself and need anything. No. The silent message of those closed eyes was for her alone. She must look into their depths as she had not dared to look since that wretched experiment of the fireless dinner, must assure herself that the gladsome love-light of that locust-scented summer evening twenty years ago had not faded, that John remembered—What if she should never know? What if the closed eyes should carry their untold secret through all the desolate years. She flung away the comfort of the doctor's confident assurances, a great fear gripping at her heart. What if she should never know—never?

The eyes were wide open now, looking at her wonderingly. She bent over, touching her lips tenderly to the white forehead. A shadow of a smile played about John Hadaway's unshaven lips. "I let that wood clean slip my mind again this noon, Mary," he said, the low confidence of his tone thrilling her like the fingers of a master musician upon tense harp-strings.

"Don't ever—ever, John—" She began passionately; but the incoherent protest fell away into silence, and her head dropped upon the pillow close to his.

"There's something in my inside coat pocket, Mary," he said, "if taint lost in this smash-up. I got thinkin' how we'd been twenty years together, an' how mabe I'd forgot a— a good many things—"

"Why, he's come to, as sure as I'm alive," Euphemia Greer's kindly face peered around the door. "Doctor Lewis 'lowed he would mos' likely afore mornin'. I guess I'll run down home now, Mary, an' if you want anything you send right away, won't you?"

"Thank you ever so much, Phemy,—you and Gideon—for what you have done. I hope John'll get right along now so we won't have to call on you again."

And the light of twenty summers gone—the light which on any face is at once a dawn and a transfiguration—shone in Mary Hadaway's eyes as she looked up.

My life is like the summer rose,  
That opens to the morning sky,  
But ere the shades of evening close  
Is scattered on the ground—the die  
—Richard Henry White